cut a sorry figure on life's stage. But that it should be so, that this should be the last of a line of sea-kings as daring as the Vikings, as heroic as the chiefs of Troy, that is the tragedy. For make no dispute, this is the grave of a people too fine, too simple, too beauty-worshipping for our civilisation, too religious for our religion. Like a child with a beautiful complex toy, we broke them with our hands. Pomare's tomb is the record of our shame.

Let me write it first and last, there is no Polynesian people left of the Tahitian branch. The blood is mixed fantastically, and some of the characteristics crop up in individuals, but the half-castes of modern Tahiti, and even the survivors of purer blood, bear no more resemblance to their great ancestors than the modern Greeks do to Achilles, Agamemnon and Odysseus. The beauty of Tahiti is the beauty of an

exquisite
shell. You may love, moreover, a certain free
happy atmosphere which still obtains like a wraith
of the past, and you may perhaps feel, on her shores
and in her valleys, the breath of a spirit that lingers
yet. But the race has passed away. For a little